

Life



EDMUND
DAVENPORT

The Eclipse

JANUARY 22, 1925

PRICE 15 CENTS



SILVERTOWN VALUE — *the product of experience*

Silvertown Balloons, the latest handiwork of Goodrich experience, are outstanding because the results of more than a half century of rubber manufacturing are in them.

They possess the same unvarying value that is found in Goodrich footwear, belts, hose, hard rubber goods. All have the prestige of quality in their respective fields of usefulness. . . . With Silvertown Balloons, or any other rubber product, Goodrich is the guide to value.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY

Established 1870 . . . Akron, Ohio

S P O N S O R E D B Y H A R G R A F T

A partial list of **Ben Wade Dealers**

The list of tobacconists selling Ben Wade pipes has grown to such extent that there is room enough here for only the Eastern dealers. The Western list will be published in our next insertion and in the meantime write for the name of your nearest dealer if your city is not listed.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
The Davis & Hawley Company, 966 Main St.
HARTFORD, CONN.
Steinmeyer Bros., 31 Pearl St.
H. S. Weeks, 867 Main St.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
John Gilbert & Son, Chapel and Temple Sts.
University Smoke Shop, 1012 Chapel St.
WATERBURY, CONN.
J. K. Jenness, 48 N. Main St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Wm. A. Henderson Co., 1432 N.Y. Av., N.W.
ATLANTA, GA.
Royal Cigar Company, 40 N. Forsyth St.
ROME, GA., Hale Drug Company.
CROWN POINT, IND., Boyce Drug Co.
FT. WAYNE, IND., T. Shovlin Cigar Stand.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Louis G. Deschler Company, 135 S. Illinois St.
Charles Mayer & Co., 25 W. Washington St.
KENDALLVILLE, IND.
Robert Fisher Cigar Store, 105 S. Main St.
LOGANSPORT, IND., The Boston Store.
SOUTH BEND, IND., Miller-Mueller.
COVINGTON, KY., L. B. Wilson Company.
MADISONVILLE, KY., Lindsay's Drug Store.
PRESQUE ISLE, ME., U. J. Hedrich.
BOSTON, MASS.
Estabrook & Eaton, 256 Washington St.
L. J. Peretti Co., 993 Boylston St.
Chas. B. Perkins Co., 36 Kilby St.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Leavitt & Peirce, Inc.
NO. ATTLEBORO, MASS.
No. Attleboro Drug Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., N. H. Barnett.
ANN ARBOR, MICH.
Van Boven, Cress & Thompson
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
Main Cigar Store, Skinner & Titus.
DETROIT, MICH.
Watkins Cigars, 1551 Woodward Av.
Lillianfield Bros. & Co., 147 Michigan Av.
EAST LANSING, MICH., C. A. Washburn
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Pope & Heyboer, 118 Monroe Av.
JACKSON, MICH.
E. W. Chapin & Son, 179 W. Main St.
M. Sanwald, 113 Francis St.
KALAMAZOO, MICH., W. A. Fall.
LANSING, MICH., Rouser Drug Company.
MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH., The Brunswick
MUSKEGON, MICH., L. H. Fink
SAGINAW, MICH., Oppenheimer Cigar Co.
EXETER, N. H., Weeks & Seward.
MONTCLAIR, N. J.
H. & H. Shop, 482 Bloomfield Av.
NEWTON, N. J., Frank J. Boglioli.
OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Oberman & Trimmer.
ALBANY, N. Y.
Luddy & Conklin, 95 State St.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Joseph T. Snyder, 331 Main St.
FULTON, N. Y., Foster Brothers.
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
J. P. Carey & Company, Grand Central Sta.
Charles & Company, 434 and Madison Av.
Wm. A. Hollingsworth, Woolworth Building.
Pennsylvania Drug Company Stores.
The Stearns Company, 35 Wall St.
Trinity Cigar Company, 111 Broadway.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Fred H. Lantz, 326 E. Main St.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
The J. B. Moos Co., 511 Sycamore St.
The Dow Drug Company, Broadway & 9th St.
Chas. N. Krohn & Company, 539 Walnut St.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Louis Klein Cigar Co., 1129 Euclid Av.
Hugo Gellmar, 1501 Euclid Av.
Fred Gellmar, 163 Arcade.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
S. F. Gross, 1824 N. High St.
DAYTON, OHIO
The M. J. Schwab Company, Main & 3rd Sts.
LORAIN, OHIO, E. J. Kingsley.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
L. W. Bosart & Co., 120 E. Main St.
TOLEDO, OHIO, C. W. Starr, 318 Superior St.
VAN WERT, OHIO, Kints & King.
PORTLAND, ORE., Mason Ehrman & Co.
BROOKVILLE, PA., Sterck Tobacco Co.
HARRISBURG, PA.
Fairlamb's Cigar Store, 212 Market St.
LANCASTER, PA.
H. C. Demuth, 114 E. King St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Bailey, Banks & Biddle, 1218 Chestnut St.
Coates-Coleman Co., Commercial Trust Bldg.
John Middleton, 1211 Walnut St.
Yahn & McDonnell, Widener Building.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Reymer & Bros., Incorporated.
Forbes and Fride Sts.
YORK, PA., Young & Bosser.
WHEELING, W. VA.
A. Bolton, 155 Market St.
M. Schafer, 1200 Market St.



They have broken up that "breaking in" tradition

T USED to take a sort of hero to break in a pipe . . . a man with no respect for the interior decorations of his mouth . . . a man who could stand *anything* . . . but that's gone now, even if not forgotten.

Because Ben Wade pipes need no breaking in . . . they are sweet, mellow old pipes from the first day on. The inside finish is Ben Wade's own patented finish. The pores of the wood are opened and kept open. No varnish or stain there to hide flaws because the pumice-polished surface gleams unflawed. The full flavor and fragrance of the tobacco is yours from the start. And impurities are absorbed through the open pores, thus enriching the briar's natural color.

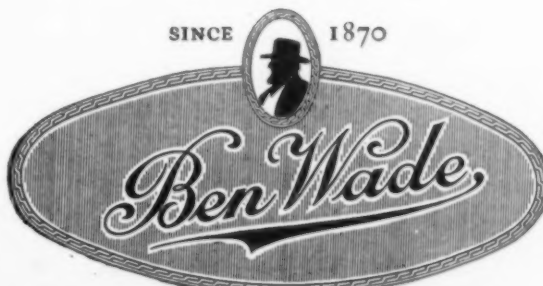
There's nothing like a Ben Wade pipe for smoking enjoyment. Cigarette smokers, cigar smokers, men who believed that they could never enjoy a pipe have become Ben Wade "regulars."

Forty-eight shapes and sizes to choose from. Long, slim, smart pipes. Short, chubby, smart pipes. Straight and curved. Pipes for the outdoors; pipes for the library and the crackling fire. Like books, and guns, and golf clubs, they become prized possessions . . . personal treasures that a man is proud to call his own.

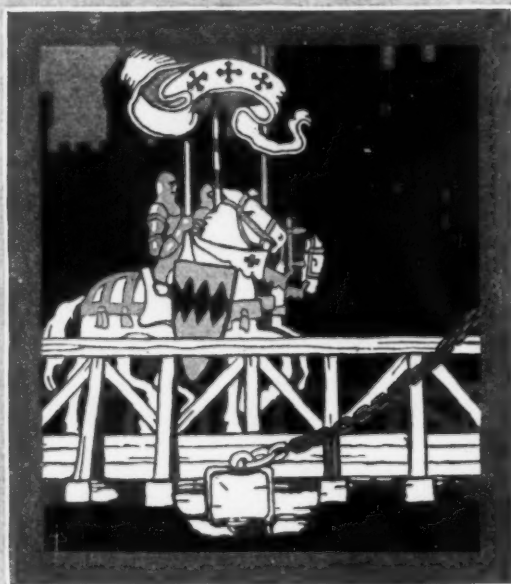
Tell your nearest dealer to show you his array of Ben Wades. If you can't find him, we'll be happy to send a complete catalog. But do it now, man. Some mighty good smoking is passing you by!



SINCE 1870



MADE AT LEEDS, ENGLAND



AND THE GATES OPENED

BACK in the twelfth century when Richard the Lionhearted started out to visit his constituents and spellbind them with his mighty sword instead of oratory, he had no telephone, radio or telegraph to transmit the word to the city officials and the morning newspapers that he was on the way

He pulled up in front of the city gate; sent his trumpeters up to give his call; the gate-keepers knew the blast; they recognized Richard's heraldic insignia on the trumpeter's banners

And the gates opened

So the trumpeter became one of the earliest of advertising men

His call forecasted the beginning of interesting and important events

Today the trumpeter on horseback is still doing his work; not quite so romantic or picturesque, but certainly just as important

He is announcing to the world that Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are good clothes, and where they can be found

He is the Hart Schaffner & Marx trademark - has been for fifteen years

He means not only Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes; he means style, quality, good value, all-wool fabrics And above all - a good store

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Life

The Age of Innocence

(Somebody has suggested a *Be-Polite-to-Everybody Week*.
Following are several conversations to be expected.)

TRAFFIC COP: Pardon me, old fellow, but you have just ripped off the fender of this taxicab.

TRUCK DRIVER: A thousand apologies, my dear chap. How clumsy of me!

TAXI DRIVER: My fault entirely, sir. So silly for me to be driving too close to you.

TRUCK DRIVER: Really, you must permit me to buy you a new fender.

TAXI DRIVER: Not at all, not at all. Plenty more where that one came from, old top. How about a little nip together?

TRUCK DRIVER: Delighted, I'm sure.

TRAFFIC COP: I do hope you'll forgive me for calling your attention to this trifling matter.

* * *

TROLLEY CONDUCTOR: Oh, dearie, dearie! This transfer you have just given me is a week old, sir.

PASSENGER: Righto, dear old bean. I was merely trying to see if I could slip something over on you.

CONDUCTOR: Aha, sly boots! Well, as a reward for your ingenuity, I shall insist on paying your fare.

* * *

YALE MAN: Oh, I'm so sorry this distressing incident has occurred, but Yale appears to have scored a touchdown.

HARVARD MAN: My heartiest congratulations!

* * *

FIRST PUG: Oh, this is terrible! I wouldn't have knocked you out for worlds! I never realized I had punched so hard.

SECOND PUG: Not a word, not a word! It is really a pleasure to be flattened by a gentleman so immeasurably my superior in the fistic art.

FIRST PUG: Pure luck on my part, I assure you. Fundamentally, you are by far the better man of the two.

* * *

TENANT: Please don't think me forward, but it's—ah—a bit chilly in our apartment.

JANITOR: I agree with you thoroughly, except that I should say it is bitingly cold. Oh me, oh my, if I only weren't such a lazy dolt!

Tip Bliss.

Simplified

FORMERLY women were always late because they had dresses that buttoned up the back and long hair that needed hours of arranging; now they are just—always late.

The Self-Contained Reformer

AT intervals I take my pen in hand
And write a stirring letter signed "Vox Pop,"
To state that evils which beset the land
Must stop.

Sometimes my pen communicates regrets
In re the Younger Generation, which I think
Is going straight to Hell from cigarettes
And drink.

Or into matters politic I stray,
And seek the Public's sentiment to rouse
In favor of an eight-hour working day
For cows.

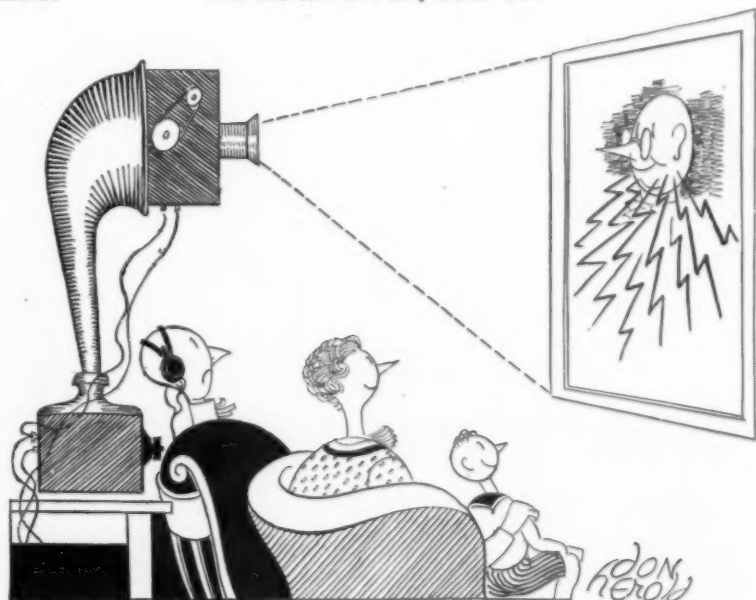
A silly thing to write such stuff, I know.
Such letters are quite futile, I've no doubt.
And so instead of mailing them, I throw
Them out.

R. Spillman.

People Worth Knowing

"KNOW the Smiths? No? I'm sure you'd like them."
"How is that?"

"Well, they are the kind you can tell to drop in any time and feel sure they never will."



THE PHOTORADIOGRAM

"I THOUGHT WE WERE GETTING A PICTURE OF UNCLE HUBERT, BUT HE HAS NO WHISKERS."

"THOSE ARE NOT WHISKERS. THAT'S STATIC."



Mother: DON'T YOU KNOW YOU NEVER GET ANYWHERE BY CRYING?

Betty: YE-ES, BUT DADDY DOESN'T KNOW IT.

Difficult Work

SMITH: It seems to me that your wife has been wearing a strange expression lately.

JONES: Yes, she's trying to resemble her latest photographs.

THE consensus of opinion at the traffic conference in Washington was that pedestrians had better keep out of the way.

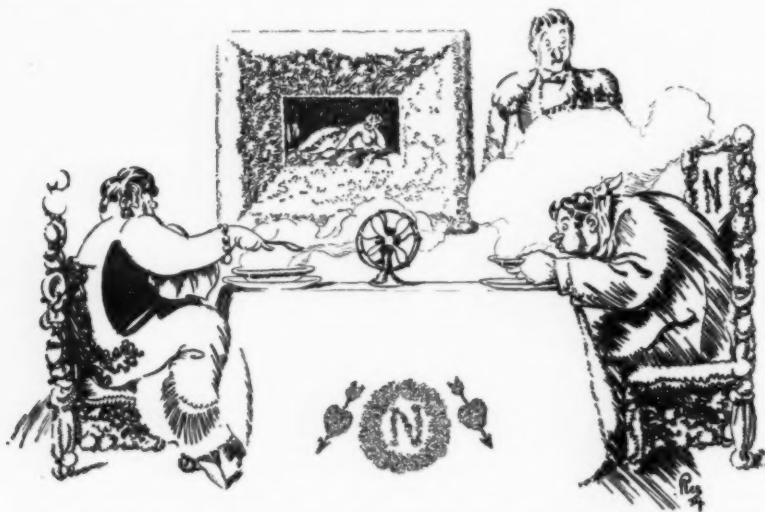
TWO'S company, three's another movie plot.

Complete Story of the Eclipse

As Told by LIFE's Own Headline Writer

THRONGS cheer as Old Sol struts stuff. Lunar disc casts dense pall over city, State, nation. Sun-Moon encounter lauded by savants. Camera sharps busy as twin orbs keep cosmic tryst. Event hailed as new era by star sharps. Daylight murk causes bridge traffic jam. Huge lenses sweep heavens in quest of new data. Mayor halts transit confab to view odd sight. Light Cos. fix cost at \$2,000,000. President wires thanks to Lick Observatory Chief. Kansas preacher, scoring science, raps solar theorists. "Solar Cocktail"—latest from Paris. Winsted hen lays dark egg. Aged man, fearing world's end, seeks death by gas.

Foster Ware.



Disgusted Better Half: DON'T BLOW YOUR SOUP THAT WAY, HORACE! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE I BOUGHT THEM LITTLE ELECTRIC FANS FOR?

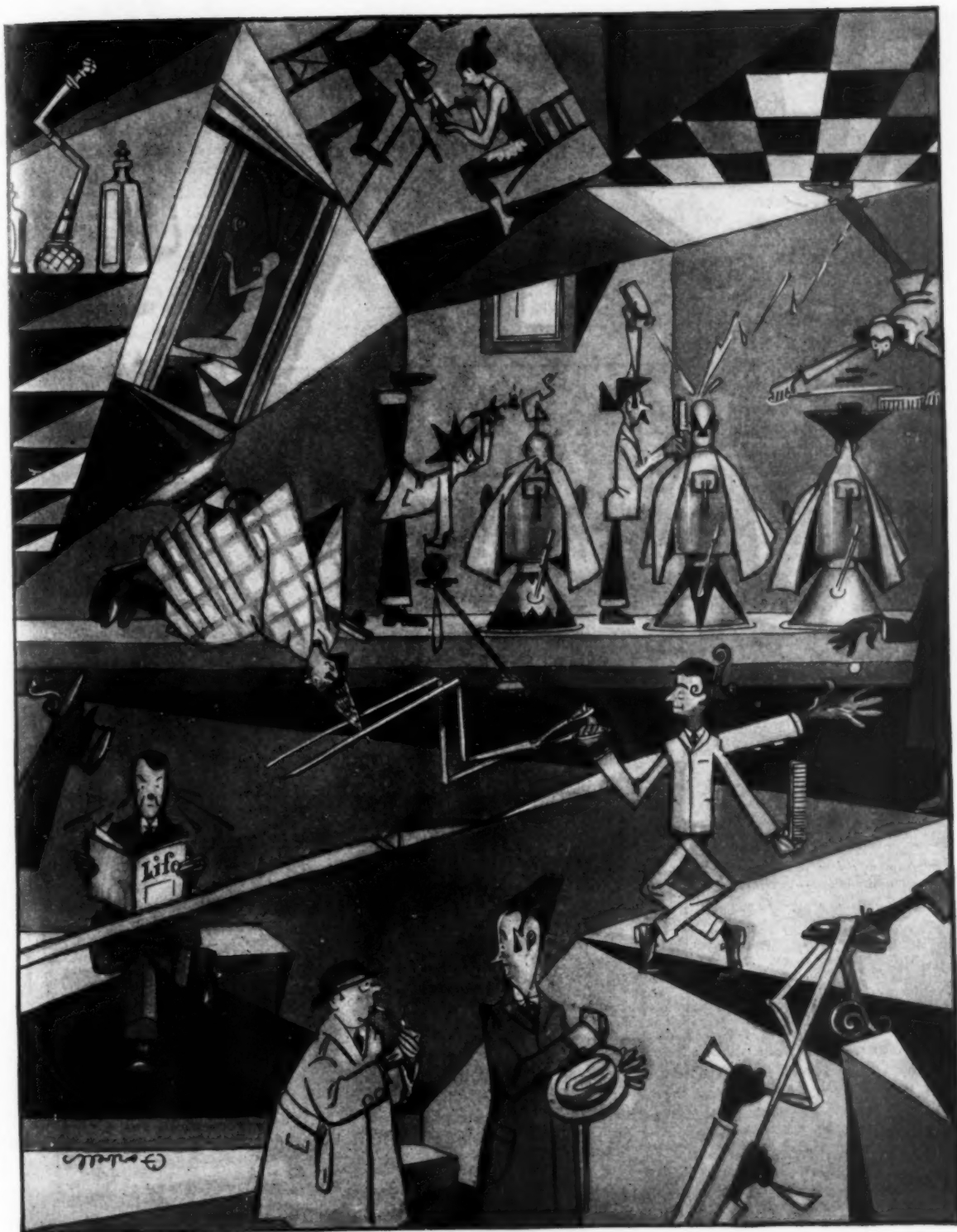
The Empty Garage

"YOU say you've had your car three years and yet you can't identify it?"

"It's been months since I've seen it."

"Ah; in storage, eh?"

"No; my daughter's learned to drive"



THE FUTURISTIC BARBER SHOP



THE world-famous Poet Laureate of Great Britain is to visit the United States again this winter. Ladies and gentlemen, may we introduce Mister—ah—Mister—er—

Now that we have had time to calm down after seeing the pictures of the French lady who insured her legs for \$100,000, we are shown a picture of an American girl who has insured her teeth for the same amount. Are insurance agents overlooking something in not getting PEGGY HOPKINS to take out a policy on her wedding-ring finger?

Over one hundred million people in the United States escaped being run over by automobiles last year, several of them having also escaped the year before.

The old cry of "Get a 'horse" seems to have been changed to "Get a pedestrian."

Marshal Foch is excited over the discovery that Germany has an army of 700,000 volunteers. Well, we still have God and a (very) few marines.

And Major-General PATRICK wants a larger air force to make New York safe from foreign invasion. Perhaps it would be better if the General started off with a suggestion for making New York safe from itself.

Attention has been called to the fact that Americans have decreased half an inch in stature in the last fifty years. They'll have to do better than that if they want to keep pace with kitchenette apartments.

Captain ROBERT A. BARTLETT is leading a party in the exploration of the Endless Caverns near New Market, Va. Opinion is divided among explorers as to whether the party when it gets to

the end will find a "No-Parking" sign, a hot-dog stand or a filling station.

During blizzards, news services have been using radio for transmitting news to papers in isolated towns. But what good does that do? They can't broadcast the comic strips.

Some enterprising Americans have opened a chop suey restaurant in

Dr. CLYDE FISHER, who has been touring Lapland for the Museum of Natural History, reports that the Arctic tern (it's a bird) in migrating makes a round trip of 22,000 miles a year. With stop-offs, he might have added, in 84,978 crossword puzzles.

Crossword, oh, crossword, pause, Time, in thy flight.

What is the name of the "goddess of night"?

Several European scientists are coming here to study the influenza germ. They might also examine such typical insects as the presidential bee, the Broadway butterfly, the crossword puzzle pest and the radio bug.

A recent estimate places the diameter of the universe at one million times ten million times the distance of the earth from the sun. Certainly, the Creator of anything as stupendous as this deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with CECIL B. DE MILLE.

And yet, if interstellar travel were possible and we could encounter a man on Betelgeuse who knew our friend, Mr. SIMS of Seattle, our first words undoubtedly would be, "It's a small universe, after all."

The picture supplements of the Sunday papers have shown President COOLIDGE on skis. The people who got those under him have done something that the Democrats couldn't do.

The Sun god (whose name, as every one now knows, is Ra) has probably asked that the total eclipse of the world be made permanent.

And now for the amalgamation of the Sun, Moon and Globe. The MUNSEY influence seems to be at work in the solar system.

This Is NATIONAL THRIFT WEEK

P. S.—Congressional appropriations for the enforcement of National Prohibition to date amount to \$59,652,468.

Shanghai—the first of its kind in all China. This would indicate that civilization is still advancing. If we keep at it, sooner or later we'll teach those heathens how to play Mah Jong.

At this rate, we expect to hear that some young ladies from Dubuque have started Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe in London.

Advice to Young Mothers

As Given by Young Fathers on the Following Important Matters

Diet

"I'll tell you what I'd do if I were feeding that kid and he kept on refusing his mush like that. I'd say, 'Don't, then, darn yuh!' and let it go at that."

Weight

"I don't see why this infant has to be weighed in at the ringside every blame day. If the doctor pesters you about it, just tell him the figure on this printed card on what kids ought to weigh and that'll hold the old boy for a while."

Clothing

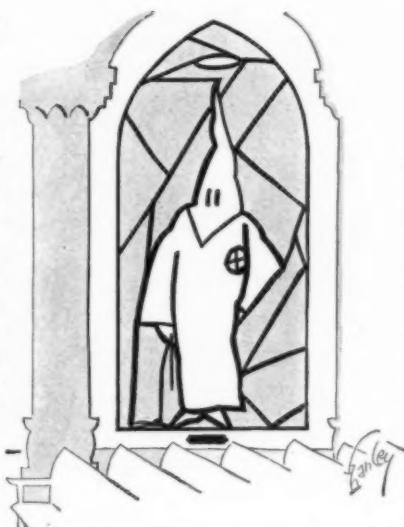
"Beats me why just a baby needs such a raft of clothes."

Entertainment

"I've done all my stuff and she won't laugh at me. Why don't you give her a lump of sugar? That ought to keep her quiet."

Training

"A little of the old army discipline is what that spoiled youngster of ours needs. I'd show you if I wasn't afraid he'd howl bloody murder again."



THE KLEAGLE ENDOWS A STAINED GLASS WINDOW IN HIS CHURCH

Mother's Aid

"Sure, I'd be glad to bring you some gimp for baby's dress from that drawer, if I knew what the deuce gimp was and what drawer out of a possible seventeen it is you mean."

Fairfax Downey.

A Bloc Congressman on the Theory That Two and Two Make Four

"TWO and two is four, eh? Well, how do I know it? Who says so? The schoolbooks. And who makes the schoolbooks? The publishers. And who runs the publishers? Wall Street! Wall Street!! The money barons trying to put one over again! I wouldn't believe those rich scoundrels, those moneyed octopuses, on oath! All they do is filch from the horny hand of the laboring man—the bulwark of the nation—all his wages, earned by the sweat of his brow and his heart's blood! Two and two is four, eh? Wall Street is trying to screw the lid a little tighter on the free expression of opinion! Free speech, bah! We have no free speech if we can't say two and two is five or six, as the case may be. Two and two is four? No, sir! I vote for the common people, the sovereign rights of the American working man. I vote NO, a thousand times NO."

John C. Emery.

"IS she young?"

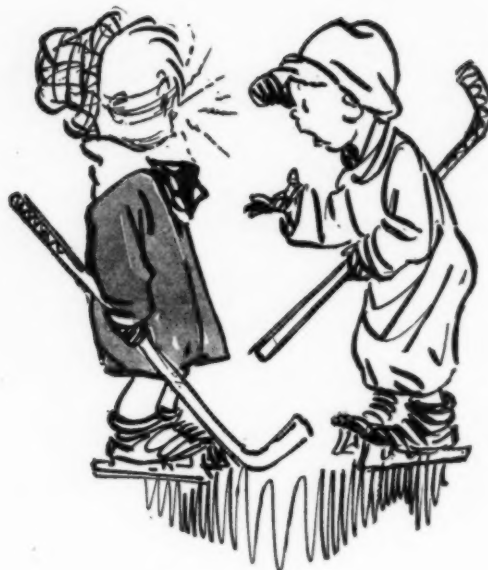
"She must be. She's had only one husband."



DEFINITION WANTED

Employer: YOUNG MAN, DO YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD "WORK"?

His Youngest Employee: SURE, BOSS. WHATCHER DOIN', A CROSSWORD PUZZLE?



Friend: ARE YA HOIT?
 Skippy: ME? NO! WHY?



Skippy: WELL, S'LONG, FELLERS, I GOTTA
 BE GOIN'!



Skippy: JUST AS I THOUGHT—I AM HURT!

Skippy

People I've Never Met

THE novelist whose wife was not his best friend and severest critic.

The toper who admitted he couldn't stop any time he wanted to.

The comedian who really wanted to play Hamlet.

The man who after winning five thousand dollars at the races never made another bet.

The spinster who couldn't have had a dozen men if she had wanted them.

The man who trumped his partner's ace.

The highbrow who admitted he went to the movies because he enjoyed them.

The baby who wasn't precocious.

The clown who was really sad in private life.

The business man whose success wasn't due to hard work and honest effort.

Bertram Bloch.

Of Course Not!

FLUBB: One can never tell about a lady's morals.

DUBB: One shouldn't!



THE VENTRILOQUIST INVITES A FEW FRIENDS IN TO HEAR HIS NEW RADIO

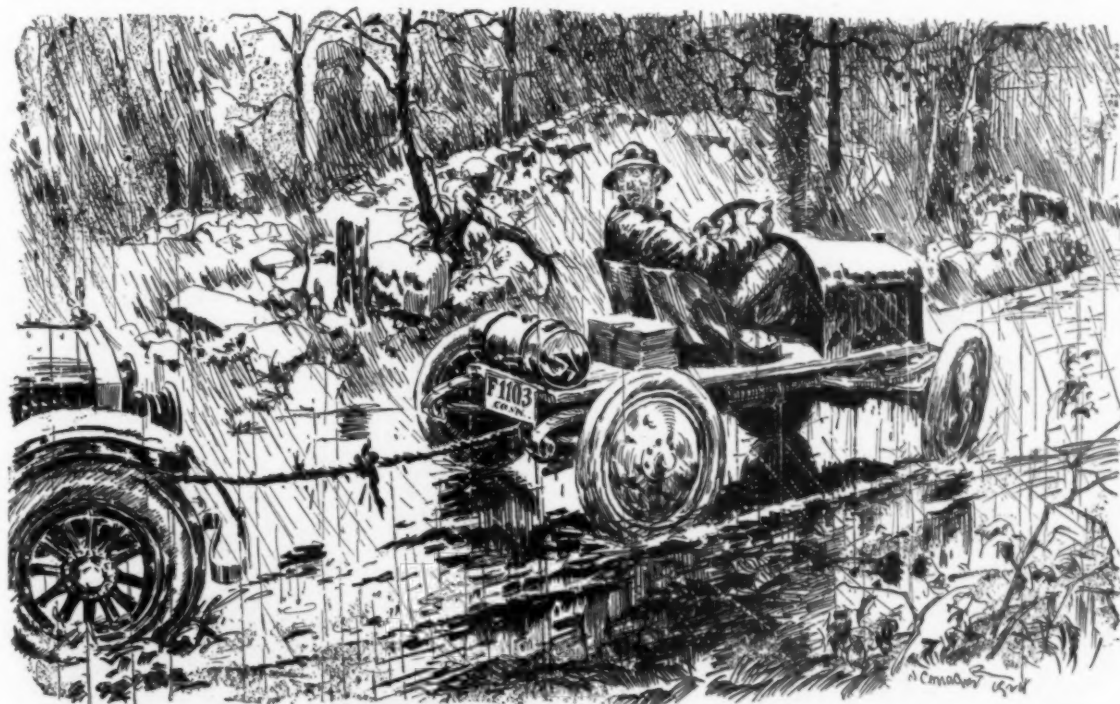
Mrs. Pep's Diary

January
15th

Wakened this morning a-shivering with cold, so arose and did on my heaviest wrapper, somewhat dismayed at the reflection I cast upon the looking-glass, but Lord! I do believe that Helen of Troy herself in a quilted robe would have been nought to gaze upon. Thence to the public prints, wherein I did come upon an attack on Michael Arlen which put me in a great rage. Why a writer should be set upon because he is light

and glamorous is beyond me, who have long been fed up on novelists with the idea that realism is focussing a camera on a pig-sty. This critick did say, too, that Arlen does nothing which Sterne and Fielding did not do. I do hereby repent me of condemning the younger school of reviewers and editors for appearing to have read nought that was published before 1900—the defection at least prevents their believing that

(Continued on page 27)



Voice from the Rear: SAY, WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU TAKING US 'ROUND THIS WAY FOR?
The Good Samaritan: I KINDA THOUGHT MEBBE YOU FOLKS 'UD LIKE T' SEE TH' OLDEST
HAOUSE IN FAIRFIELD CAOUNTY.



Editorial Plate

"DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE IS ANY WAY TO GET A DRINK IN THIS PLACE?"

"I DON'T KNOW—HAVE YOU TRIED ASKING FOR IT?"

American Inventors' Series

Jesse J. Garage

NOT the least picturesque of the figures of the early West was Jesse James Garage, a gun-toting bandit out of the pages of fiction. He terrorized the highways during the late eighties, holding up rich and poor alike, until he was captured and hanged in 1891.

Jesse J. Garage scorned the rough-riding habits of the ordinary highwayman, and early discarded the conventional bandanna handkerchief and leather chaps for mechanic's cap and greasy overalls. His success instituted a series of atrocities that has persisted to the present day.

Jesse's methods were simple. Under the guise of good Samaritan he would erect a small shack at the side of the road, where weary travelers would halt for aid in their troubles. He was even known to fell large trees or spread broken glass or tacks in the road to attract patronage. When the victims were in the grip of this unscrupulous bandit he would attack them with a small blunt instrument like a monkey-wrench, later sending them on their way broken and penniless.

Dens of this type are variously known to-day as "Garage-traps" or "Garages," or even "Highway Filling Stations."

Corey Ford.

You Never Know Your Luck

LULU: How come yuh is always lookin' fer a job an' neber findin' one?

MOSE: Dat's skill, woman. Skill!

The Party Line

"I NOTICE how folks thet has a lot of ancestors to talk about is like to have no children to speak of.

"Cy Moon brought Sarah a box of candy from th' city an' it seemed so queer-like of him she got it analyzed. It warn't poisoned, though, so she's thinkin' of havin' th' doctor for Cy.

"Mary Troy was braggin' t'other day how her boy got A-A-A onto his school report, an' I says to her, 'You ought to be proud, between thet an' your man gettin' K-K-K onto his nightshirt.'

"A parcel of automobile folks stopped yesterday an' bought my parlor rug fer forty dollars thet I got fer twenty-five at 'The Modern Furniture Store' a year ago. It looked older on account of th' dawg sleepin' on it. I was thinkin' I'd go into th' business if I knew th' name onto it.

"I'd ast you over onny they ain't nothin' happened I can't tell you over th' phone."

James K. McGuinness.

Deadly

HE: I don't believe you really hate me!

SHE: Don't you? Well, if I had one word still to solve in a crossword puzzle and you were the only person in the world who knew it, I wouldn't let you help me.

THE most used expression in America—"Program coming in fine."



THE CROSSROAD PUZZLE

For Ladies Only

("Glory does not embellish woman, and I do not wish to sacrifice the woman in me. I shall always rather render myself imitable by my way of wearing a dress by Chervert than by all the talent and all the ugliness of the Eliots and the Staëls.")—From *The Journal of Marie Lenéru.*

WHAT price glory from a sonnet
Or a page of perfect prose
If your dolman, when you don it,
Looks like Podunk or Cohoes?
Fair enough to write a letter
For which publishers will bid.
But it's infinitely better
That your stockings do not skid.

Scintillating conversation
Cannot possibly compete
With admiring observation
From a stranger in the street.
Sweet maid, if you can, be clever
(Being good is quite apart),
But you mustn't let it ever
Keep your clothes from being smart.

Wiser far to knot a ribbon
In the most alluring way
Than to master all that Gibbon
Or Suetonius has to say.
Do not bolt your tea and scurry
When your repartee falls flat—
Why should any woman worry
Who is certain of her hat?
Baird Leonard.

The New Member Arrives

THE door of the room where the members of the Club for Discarded Myths assemble opened a crack, and a benevolent-featured, rotund gentleman peered in, adjusting his horn-rimmed spectacles. He hesitated a moment, plainly embarrassed.

"I think you have the wrong place, Señor!" murmured Ponce de León, who was trying to mix something to drink that would resemble the Fountain of Youth.

"No," answered the old gentleman, a trifle sadly, shifting a dilapidated kite from one hand to the other as he entered. "I am ousted at last. 'Tis a stout tradition that can survive a century."

"True enough," commented Washington, as he laid down the cherry-pit he was carving, and rose to welcome the newcomer. "Hang up your insignia on yonder wall beside my hatchet, friend Ben."

"Come over into the chimney corner," called Sir Isaac Newton cheerily; "I'll



Heating Engineer: EXCUSE ME, OLD MAN, BUT MAY I TALK TO YOU A MINUTE ABOUT AN UP-TO-DATE SYSTEM HERE THAT WOULD SAVE HALF YOUR FUEL AND INCREASE YOUR HEAT PRODUCTION FULLY THIRTY PER CENT?

put on another apple to toast; it's all they be good for."

"Willingly," said Poor Richard, laying aside his topcoat. "The fellowship of worthy companions—I see there are plenty of such here—makes a man indifferent to the ingratitude and skepticism of the world. Pershing, brave fellow, will be along presently. The pacifists have e'en concluded that he really exclaimed, 'I forget why we're here!'"

M. E. B.

Greatness

"TELL me," said the great producer of musical revues to the backwoodsman, "what kind of bird is that?" "That," replied the other, "is called a nightingale."

FABLE—Once upon a time there was an honest dirt farmer who owned a genuine antique. He refused to sell it.

Famous Hopes

WHITE —.

Anthony —.

I — you choke.

— chest.

Last —.

— springs eternal.

No — for Harvard.

"I — you like your drink," said Gunga Din."

Faith, —, and Charity.

While there is LIFE there's —.

—ing you are the same.

Repeal of Eighteenth Amendment.

"And if we strike oil!..."

H. W. H.

THE man who used to want to live on Easy Street is almost as well pleased to-day if he can find a place there to park his car.



Indignant Better Half: WELL, WILLIAM SWONKS, IF THAT AIN'T TH' LAST STRAW! HERE I GET YOU ALL NICE AN' INSURED, AN' YOU GO AN' BUY A GOOD-LUCK RING.

The Tragedy of an Ex-Clubman

SO far so good. I have kept my New Year's resolution. I have joined no clubs. I have not become an Adventurer, a Player, a Coffee Drinker, an Explorer, a Detective, a Yachtsman or an Interior Decorator. I take my lunch in any chophouse or saloon that happens.

Of course, there are penalties. I have no longer "a man's retreat," which is neither office nor home, where I can receive select communications. I am not able to say, "So long, old man, see you later at the club," nor can I play squash on any scheduled afternoon in the far future. There are no bulletin boards for me to scan. And I have to buy my own magazines.

Yes, there are many temptations, I will admit. But each night I pray that I will not give in. For I know my own weakness....I know how people regard me....I know that, if I join any club, no matter what, I am sure to be elected secretary.

Howard Dietz.

IF the day-dreamers were placed end to end, it would not affect their output.

Song of Perfect Propriety

OH, I should like to ride the seas,
A roaring buccaneer;
A cutlass banging at my knees,
A dirk behind my ear.
And when my captives' chains would clank
I'd howl with glee and drink,
And then fling out the quivering plank
And watch the beggars sink.

I'd like to straddle gory decks,
And dig in laden sands,
And know the feel of throbbing necks
Between my knotted hands.
Oh, I should like to strut and curse
Among my blackguard crew....
But I am writing little verse,
As little ladies do.

Oh, I should like to dance and laugh
And pose and preen and sway,
And rip the hearts of men in half,
And toss the bits away.
I'd like to view the reeling years
Through unastonished eyes,
And lave my finger-tips in tears,
And give my smiles for sighs.

I'd stroll beyond the ancient bounds,
And tap at fastened gates,
And hear the prettiest of sounds,—
The clink of shattered fates.
My slaves I'd like to bind with thongs
That cut and burn and chill....
But I am writing little songs,
As little ladies will.

Dorothy Parker.

Unthinkable

MRS. SCALES: Scientists say that we really laugh and grow fat.

MRS. DIETE: Of course! No one would grow fat and laugh!



ALL TIED UP IN A CONFERENCE



"AND SO—! HE DOESN'T COME TO SEE YOU NO MORE! IT'S THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE THING, DEARIE!"

What Is a Bushelman?

WHEN, about once in every so often, I am filled with a discontent that is anything but divine and I start scanning the "Help Wanted" columns, I am impressed with the apparently insatiable demand for bushelmen. Invariably this—"Bushelmen, at once, come ready to work, pleasant conditions, extra scale pay and bonus."

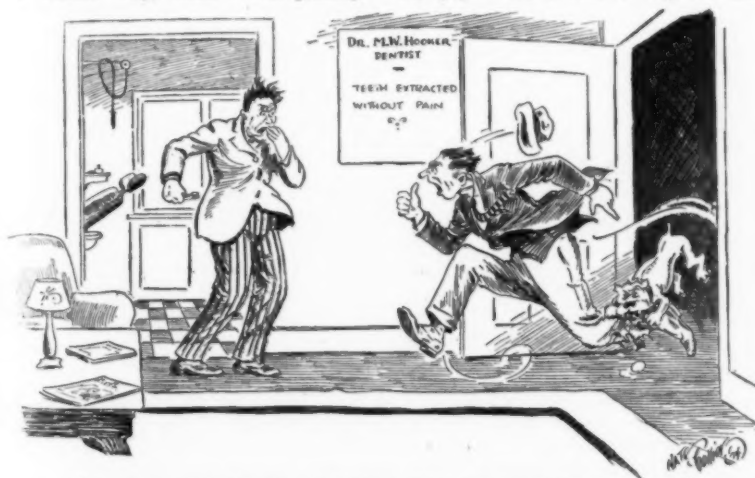
I wonder why, when I was picking,

or rather, drifting into careers, no one advised me to become a bushelman. I wonder what is a bushelman anyway. Fancy the merry bushelman. On Friday afternoon he may, if he chooses, take exception to the necktie his foreman is wearing and demand his pay. Saturday becomes an added half-holiday and Sunday morning he has but to sit down with a toothpick and the Sunday paper and choose among the em-

ployers. Monday he is blithely busheling in a new bushelhaus.

What possibilities of frequent and refreshing change. If ever I have a son (I'll bet bushelmen rear big families; God knows when I'll be able to afford one), I'll put him wise to this busheling business. As soon as he is old enough to sit upright on my knee without the aid of both my hands I shall wag my finger under his nose while I impress him with the desirability of becoming a bushelman. Later, at the age of five, when he is asked the question that flunks most boys of twenty-one nowadays, "What are you going to be when you grow up, my little man?" the reply will be automatic: "I'm going to be a bushelman."

Say, what does a bushelman do anyway?
F. J. Champion.



"IF THAT SIGN MEANS ANYTHING, DOC, GET BUSY ON THIS DOG."

Without Anaesthetic

BORED VICTIM (listening to operation experience): This hurts me more than it did you.

TWO and two make four, except when one is figuring out an income tax return.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE Mr. Towser of Philadelphia who barks in leaded type for Mr. Cyrus Curtis on the editorial page of Mr. Curtis' New York *Evening Post* took the view on December 29, in his remarkable piece about the French debt, that it was a debt of honor. It was on that ground that he suggested that the French "would then and there confess themselves moral bankrupts" if they did not pay it.

Well, what is a debt of honor? Is any debt for which no security is pledged a debt of honor? Not exactly. Ordinarily, money is lent on security or credit. If a man cannot pay, it hurts his credit. If France cannot pay her debt to us or fumbles too much about funding it, it will hurt her credit. That is true, it will. But her honor? It is much too soon to talk about that.

It shocked many readers of the New York *Evening Post* to have such suggestions made in that paper as were made by the Mr. Towser who barks there for Mr. Curtis. It should be understood that they did not come out of New York, that they are in no sense a voice of New York, and that Mr. Curtis' Mr. Towser lives and becomes vocal in Philadelphia and that his sentiments are transmitted from that town to this.

Well, that is all in the game of making newspapers. A man can buy one where it lives, if it is for sale, and employ writers to expound in it what sentiments he will. Mr. Curtis has done nothing unlawful, but he has done something misleading. By the use of current machinery he has made the oldest paper in New York and one of great past renown to speak with a voice of Philadelphia. That should be under-

stood by every one who reads Mr. Towser's remarks.

THE pressure on France to fund the debt had all the marks of something contrived. The money was lent to France to help win the war. The debt was a debt of crisis, of great emergency. It is a valid debt. It ought to be paid so far as possible when France gets ready to pay it, but there is no hurry and the whole matter is a concern of greatest delicacy. It is important that France should pay what she can when she can, but it is also important that the United States should not accept from France, much less exact, more than France can afford to pay. It is vastly more important to stabilize France and bring her back to strength than it is to collect money from her.

The same is true of England. The British have funded their debt to us and it is costing them rather more than they can really afford to pay or that we can really afford to take. This world is not out of the woods yet. Europe is in better order than she was, but she is not yet bursting with health. She is still loaded up with animosities and unsolved problems. Western civilization is in the custody of Western Europe, the British Empire and the United States. It is much more important that all the members of that combination should be sound and strong than that this or that one should collect dues or over-dues from this or that other.

THE basis of the current burst of fervency in the Administration to collect more money from Europe seems to be that the reduction in taxation, which has been a popular achievement of Mr. Coolidge's Administration and which doubtless helped to win the elec-

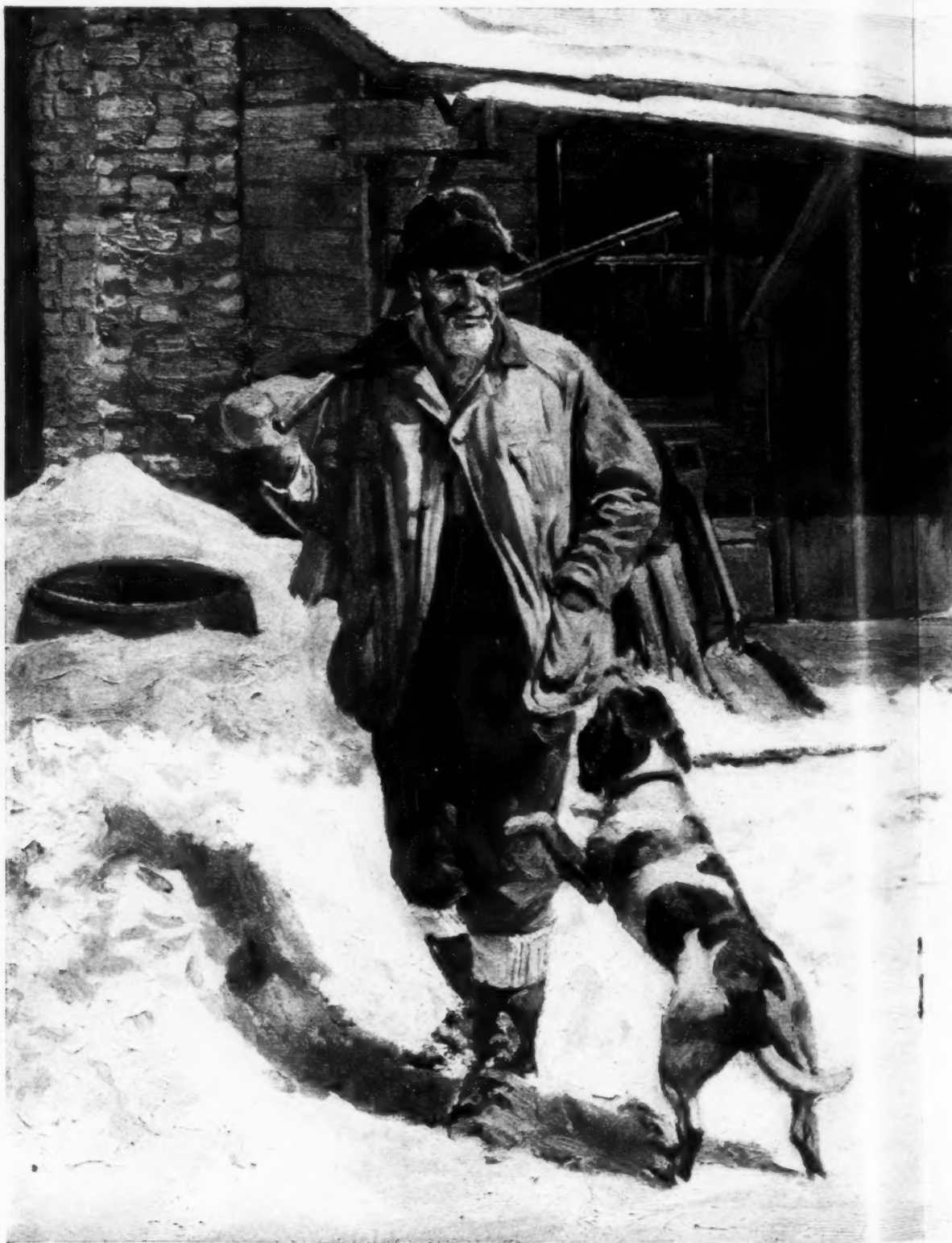
tion, has cut down our public revenues all they can stand and a further reduction in taxes depends on getting something out of Europe. But any such reduction will be dearly bought if it is gained in any such spirit as is shown by its chief advocates, such as Colonel Harvey and Senator Reed of the Finance Committee of the Senate. As has been said before, Senator Reed is the neighbor of Secretary Mellon in Pittsburgh. If he and Colonel Harvey, the *Washington Post* and Mr. Curtis' *Evening Post* here are the valid representatives of the Administration in their sentiments about France it ought to be understood, for it is important. In the issue of Mr. Curtis' New York paper for January 5 one finds an arraignment of the Herriot Administration in France for doing a bad week's work the upshot of which "may be the passage of that Congressional resolution which will pillory France as a bankrupt and so label her to the world." That certainly is an extraordinary announcement. One recalls that M. Poincaré is, or lately was, a correspondent of Mr. Curtis' papers. One asks again who is barking. Is it merely Mr. Towser? Is it Mr. Curtis? Is it the Administration and the masters who now run the Republican Party? Mr. Curtis has had two political organs in Philadelphia—the *Saturday Evening Post*, which has long put forth the sentiment that Europe needs constant watching and will cheat us if she can, and the *Public Ledger*, which has supported the League and which has had much more liberal ideas about international politics. Now it looks as though the rod of the *Saturday Evening Post* had swallowed the rod of the *Public Ledger*.

SO Mr. Attorney-General Stone is to go to the Supreme Court. He has been very much commended as Attorney-General and ought to make a good judge, and he will escape some embarrassments by going upstairs. He has dismissed two Federal prosecuting officers for failure to satisfy the Extra Drys in Dry Law enforcement, Mr. Harris in Massachusetts and Mr. Van Riper in New Jersey. Both were called upon to resign and both refused, preferring to be dismissed, and to fill their places has not been found easy. Perhaps Mr. Stone won't have to do it.

E. S. Martin.



OF PASSING IMPORTANCE ONLY



Every Dog H



Dog Has His Day



Purely Local Controversy

SOMETIMES we think that we are the most susceptible, softest-hearted dramatic department in the world. Other reviewers unite in scornful derision of plays which leave us quivering with emotion, and all that we are able to do is to blush prettily and confess that, in spite of everything, we were affected. Perhaps it is because we have lived, whereas the other reviewers have only read of life in books. Whatever the reason, it is certain that any play which has even the faint glimmer of an original thought, a new characterization, or a novel bit of motivation is worth more to us, even though clumsily written, than the most perfect stencil of old forms ever made.

This is all by way of confessing that we liked Molnar's "Carnival." We have gone into our closet and have asked ourself as man to man if it was not really Elsie Ferguson's beauty and manner that stirred us and if perhaps we were not confusing this thrill with admiration for the play. And the answer came back: "No, by Gosh, it was a thrilling play, too." Then we came out of the closet and determined to say what we felt, the Dramatic Critics' Local No. 35 to the contrary notwithstanding.



GRANTED that "Carnival" is written in spots with a singular lack of appreciation for the line where emotionalism ends and burlesque begins. The last five minutes of the second act, with its protracted scene of hurried protestations, becomes another version of the old burlesque act: "I'm going away from here," repeated every forty-five seconds. Small wonder that, on the opening night, Miss Ferguson very nearly clouted poor Mr. Nesbitt on the head in one of her wide-arm jabs. It seemed to be the only way to end the scene.

Incidentally, Mr. Nesbitt had one of the toughest assignments that can be given to an actor, that of standing still and having a lady make love to him, with no lines to fling back at her except "You know I do" and "To be sure." It is comparable only with the plight of the male member of a duet during the lady's turn at the verse of a love song. He must either look coyly at his nails, shake his head knowingly, or break into a quiet clog.



BUT even with all its excess writing and at times spurious language, "Carnival" has a thousand times more to its

credit than Molnar's other play, now such a success, "The Guardsman." Take away Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt (God forbid!) and "The Guardsman" becomes nothing but a worn-out comedy of domestic suspicion and crimination with scarcely a new line or a new idea to its name. "Carnival," on the other hand, has a character in *Camilla Oroszy* who defies duplication. A beautiful woman, yet genuinely obtuse. Not obtuse in a charming way, either, but heavy-handed and irritating, as in her first scene when she handles her many suitors with that lack of charm which only an extremely beautiful woman can get away with. Molnar has spared nothing to make this a true characterization, not even the pace of the scene.



THEN, with the finding of the lost diamond, something bursts into flame in this stupid woman's soul. With her determination to keep it, to steal it, she gains an exaltation of spirit which throws her headlong into a mad dash for freedom from her husband with a young lover whom, half an hour before, she had coldly rejected. But the young lover turns out to be the one who uses his head. He advises caution, restitution of the diamond, a quiet little apartment up a side street. And so the woman's great adventure falls flat in the face of common sense, and the old husband takes the smoldering stick of the rocket home under his arm.

Our contention is that any playwright who has even the idea of such a situation, and works it out with even an approximation of success, is worth more than the most finished craftsman who turns out a perfect reproduction of the work of somebody else. We are willing to shut our eyes during the clumsy parts, or better yet, keep them wide open and just look at Miss Ferguson.



NOW that the Actors' Theatre has decided to make its excellent production of "Candida" its regular offering, we may be justified in writing another paragraph about it by way of joining in on the local controversy over Richard Bird's *Marchbanks*. We don't see how *Marchbanks* could possibly be made more intensely convincing than Mr. Bird makes him, and while we are not privy to Shaw's personal conception of the character, except from what we gather from the text, we have a firm conviction that this characterization is right. Not that this paragraph will settle the controversy, elate Mr. Bird, or interest Mr. Shaw. In fact, nobody even asked us what we thought.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Carnival. *Cort*—Reviewed in this issue.
Dancing Mothers. *Marine Elliott's*—The old story of the younger generation.
The Depths. *Hudson*—To be reviewed later.

Desire Under the Elms. *Greenwich Village*—Passion in the rural districts, beginning like O'Neill's best and ending not so good.

The Emperor Jones. *Punch and Judy*—A limited engagement of this revival which should be seen if you are one of the few who haven't seen it already.

Four Knaves and a Joker. *Eltinge*—To be reviewed later.

Ladies of the Evening. *Lyceum*—Showing that Heaven, or somebody, will keep the in-a-manner-of-speaking working girl.

My Son. *Nora Bayes*—Life among the Cape Cod Portuguese.

Old English. *Ritz*—A characterization by George Arliss.

Othello. *Shubert*—Walter Hampden in something by Shakespeare.

Professional. *Garrick*—To be reviewed later.

Silence. *National*—H. B. Warner in a crook melodrama such as should be in every season.

Simon Called Peter. *Broadhurst*—The novel by the same name made into a play by the same name.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—Excellent fare, with Pauline Lord and Richard Bennett heading an equally excellent cast.

The Valley of Content. *Apollo*—To be reviewed later.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—A story of how the war came to the marines which every one should hear.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—What Africa did to one white man.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—One good thing about this contest is that no matter how long it takes the judges to decide, the two tickets will still be good.

Badges. *Ambassador*—Madge Kennedy and Gregory Kelly making a detective comedy decidedly worth an evening.

Candida. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Firebrand. *Morosco*—The facile lover, Benvenuto Cellini, played by Joseph Schildkraut in amusing amours.

The Guardsman. *Booth*—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in a comedy of domestic double-dealing which, thanks to them, is one of the season's "must" plays.

The Harem. *Belasco*—One of those *risqué* bits, distinguished only by the work of Lenore Ulric.

Isabel. *Empire*—To be reviewed later.

Is Zat So? *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Jack in the Pulpit. *Princess*—To be reviewed next week.

Lass o' Laughter. *Comedy*—To be reviewed next week.

The Little Clay Cart. *Neighborhood*—One of those distinctive Neighborhood comedies for people who like good stuff enough to travel for it.

Milgrim's Progress. *Wallack's*—Louis Mann as Louis Mann.

Minick. *Bijou*—O. P. Heggie as the old gentleman who goes to live with his son. So true that it hurts in between the laughs.

Mrs. Partridge Presents. *Belmont*—To be reviewed next week.

New Brooms. *Fulton*—Frank Craven wrote and produced this and is now acting in it.

Peter Pan. *Knickerbocker*—Marilyn Miller in a revival of the Barrie favorite.

Pigs. *Little*—Small but satisfactory.

Quarantine. *Henry Miller's*—Pleasant complications incident to honeymooning, with Helen Hayes and Sidney Blackmer.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—A genuine American comedy.

Two Married Men. *Longacre*—To be reviewed later.

The Way of the World. *Cherry Lane*—Restored Restoration comedy.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Annie Dear. *Times Square*—Billie Burke and Ernest Truex in a musical version of "Good Gracious, Annabelle."

Artists and Models. *Asior*—Artists and models.

Betty Lee. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Singing and dancing.

Big Boy. *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed next week.

Chauve-Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

The Grab Bag. *Globe*—What price Ed Wynn?

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—If you can't laugh at the Marx Brothers you probably can't laugh at anything.

Kid Boots. *Selwyn*—Still Eddie Cantor.

Lady, Be Good! *Liberty*—The Astaires and Walter Catlett in a darned good show.

The Love Song. *Century*—To be reviewed later.

Madame Pompadour. *Martin Beck*—The score justifies this.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—The best revue in town, with Fannie Brice heading the cast.

My Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Fair enough.

Patience. *Provincetown*—A treat for Gilbert and Sullivan fans.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Delightful music.

Seeniya Pitra. *Frolic*—More Russians.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Singing *de luxe*.

Topsy and Eva. *Sam H. Harris*—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" set to the Duncan Sisters.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—As we said before, Will Rogers is in it.



WILLIAM COURTENAY AND LENORE ULRIC IN "THE HAREM"

Winter Sports

Bob-Sledding

WINTER SPORTS are all right in their way, so long as they don't get in mine. It isn't that I don't go in for my good clean fun now and then, but somehow I just don't take it out in the snow that way. I can stagger from one den of vice to another, and tear the commandments wide open; but I have always felt that a series of snow-balls to the ear and eight weeks of double pneumonia ahead just weren't meant for me. If there is a Bob-Sled Party to be had, I am usually to be found at home, before the fire, with a book.

There is nothing quite like a Bob-Sled Party to come at the end of a crowded, happy winter's day. As the hostess herself admits, fun isn't the word for it; and I confess I have overheard people suggest better words, myself.

Strictly speaking, the Bob-Sled Party starts at the top of the hill, though the fun is more likely to come well towards the middle. The first two or three tries end suddenly after the first six feet, when the runners get caught in a tree or tangled in somebody's muffler. But at last we are off to what I might call a flying start, if I were a hound for a phrase that way.

So off we go, with many a hip and a hurrah! The man on the end is lost, overboard after the first hundred yards, and remains stuck in a snowdrift with his feet in the air, until somebody rescues him or the snow melts. But the rest of us go whirling downhill; and if we don't upset a dozen little girls with sleds, and an elderly gentleman or so with a cane, then the evening is no kind of howling success at all. And you should see us bring up against the side of a house, and stick there. Ah! we live only once.

In fact, that last is more or less the argument I have used in urging the abolition of Winter Sports altogether. If we live only once, we might as well make it last as long as we can.

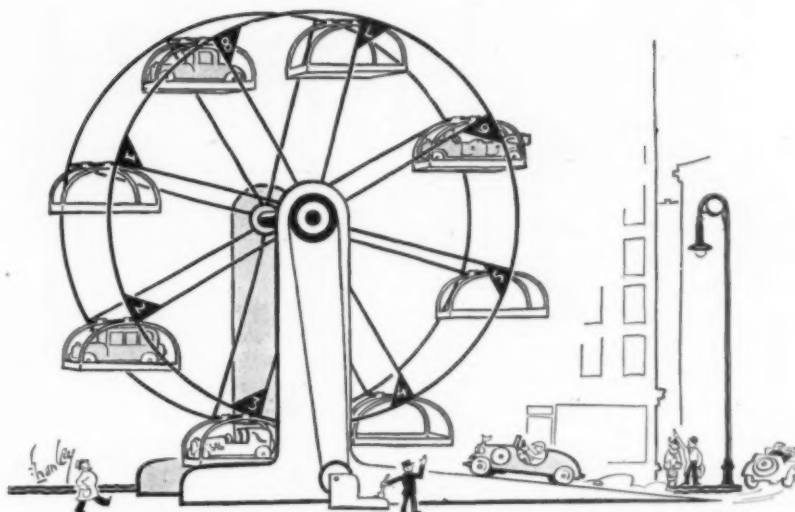
Corey Ford.

In a Manner of Speaking

CUSTOMER IN CHAIR (*to new barber*): I want a shave—can you manage it?

MODEST BARBER: Well, I'm willing to make a stab at it.

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM



A FERRIS-WHEEL ARRANGEMENT AT STREET CORNERS FOR PARKING YOUR CAR



The Ferryman: TAKE YOU ACROSS THE STREET IN MY STEEL MONITOR FOR A QUARTER.

A Rotarian in Paradise

"I AM very sorry," said St. Peter, "but we can't admit any more men from Los Angeles. We had too much trouble with the one we did let in."

"I'm sure I'd be a good influence in Heaven," replied the man from Los Angeles. "Honestly, I'd do my best."

"That was the trouble with the other man," St. Peter said wearily. "The first thing he told us was that California had on its shores the largest ocean in the world and he objected because we didn't have any ocean at all. We had the angels shoveling and carrying buckets of water for a year, and then he told

us that every Californian had a mountain in his backyard, oil wells on his side lawn, an orange grove in his conservatory and an ostrich farm on the roof. So you must understand we can't admit any more men from Los Angeles. Go find a place for yourself in the great open spaces of the universe."

The man from Los Angeles sighed. "That's what they told me in hell," he said.

Floyd Taylor.

TOM: Pleasant suburb you have here.
TED: Yes; nobody knows anybody.



ONE begins to wonder how long Vladimir De Pachmann will be able to keep up his vaudeville act. It has now become almost more a monologue than a piano recital.

Since his remarks cannot be heard all over the average concert hall, it is no wonder that some of his hearers grow impatient at times. Whether they are worth hearing at all is another question.

Audiences are forming the habit of applauding this little elf much as they used to do it with Joe Jackson's trick bicycle act. Altogether, De Pach-

mann's turn is not unlike that of the famous tramp comedian.

* * *

IF De Pachmann is the original kobold of the concert world, Feodor Chaliapin is its most romantic giant. This Russian bass-singer has preserved the grand manner as has no other artist before the public to-day.

With Chaliapin every move is literally a picture. He cannot come on or go off the stage without a gesture, and even the draping of his huge bulk over the piano is accomplished with a certain conscious grace. He is undoubted-



"IT'S GETTIN' ON ME NERVES, GETTIN' NOTHIN' BUT THE UNITED STATES NIGHT AFTER NIGHT."

ly the only singer in public who beats time for his accompanist throughout a song, keeping the left hand free for the necessary attention to the heart, etc.

Counting his falsetto and his bellow, Chaliapin also unquestionably has more varieties of tonal coloring in his voice than any other singer of modern times.

* * *

A SONG once argued that "you can't play every instrument in the band," and incidentally pointed out the advantage of the bass fiddler over the flute-player when an orchestra was wrecked at sea.

Willem Mengelberg, however, almost disproves the lyric axiom. For this musical Dutchman has been known to take the individual instruments during an orchestral rehearsal and actually show each player how it should be done.

It is quite possible to claim that real genius may express itself in half a dozen different ways in the same person, and that a successful specialist has merely turned his versatility into one channel for technical perfection.

The great Marcella Sembrich for a long time could not decide whether to enter the musical field as a pianist, a violinist or a singer, and finally chose the vehicle of song largely because of its more obvious popularity.

Violinist Kreisler is known to a limited public as an exceptional pianist, and Pablo Casals, greatest of cellists, also plays the piano and conducts.

A recent experiment was that of Paul Stassevitch, who played the Brahms violin concerto and the Tchaikowsky piano concerto on the same program, with orchestral accompaniment. He did them well, too, with perhaps a greater success in ivory and ebony than in catgut and horsehair.

But American audiences do not want versatility, except in the bell-ringers of vaudeville. We have permanently accepted the slogan that a Jack-of-all-trades is master of none.

So the old song wins out, after all. "You can't play every instrument in the band."

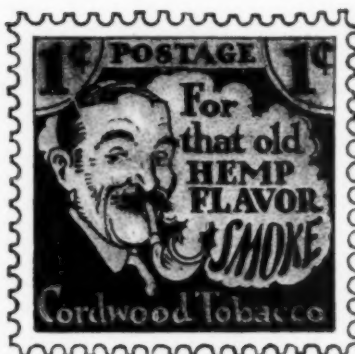
Sigmund Spaeth.

Asking Around

RASTUS: Has yuh got mah garden hoe?

RUFUS: Yoh garden hoe? Whaffo' yuh want a garden hoe wid de snow on de ground?

"Ah jes' wants to know where it is so Ah can't find it next spring."



Mussolini Sets the Style

If Selling Advertising Space on Postage Stamps Works in Italy, Why Not Try It Here?

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Peter Pan"

IT is difficult for me to review "Peter Pan" as it appears on the screen and at the same time retain my reputation for bitterness, cynicism and dyspepsia. Were I to cut loose and say what I feel about this admirable picture I should lay bare a vein of maudlin sentimentality that would surprise and grieve my little readers.

However, "Peter Pan" is so extraordinarily beautiful, so utterly true to the childish spirit in which it was originally written, that I have no choice in the matter: I must fall down and blubber.

WHEN it was announced that Famous Players would produce "Peter Pan," with Herbert Brenon as director and an unknown cutie as *Peter*, I experienced many qualms. I made definite mental pictures of the awful things that would be done to Barrie's fairy story in the celluloid mills of Hollywood.

I must have been misinformed; for I now believe that "Peter Pan" is better as a movie than it has ever been as a play. Mr. Brenon and his co-workers have wisely refrained from substituting realism for fantasy: they have not cast Strongheart, the police dog, in the rôle of *Nana*, and even if they have equipped *Captain Hook* with a real pirate ship which floats on a real ocean, they have caused it to rise from the waves and soar through the clouds in a thoroughly improbable manner.

If they have erred at all, they have done so in the right direction, by following too closely the lines in Barrie's manuscript. Willis Goldbeck, who did the adaptation (and a darned good

job, too), was apparently loath to sacrifice any of the speeches in the play—with the result that there is a superabundance of sub-titles.

AS to the cast—it is all good, with special emphasis on the work of George Ali, as *Nana*, Ernest Torrence, as *Captain Hook*, Mary Brian, as *Wendy*, and Betty Bronson, as *Peter*.

Miss Bronson is just about perfect, in appearance and in general behavior.

Although I was the one who cried most loudly for Jackie Coogan to play this part, I am now compelled to retract my opinion: no one that I know of could match Miss Bronson in any respect. Of course, Maude Adams was pretty good, too.

Some one, however, should make it a point to speak to Betty Bronson about the silence of the silent drama, and call her attention to the maxim: movie stars should be seen and not heard. She made numerous personal appearances in connection with "Peter Pan," and almost succeeded in ruining the remarkable impression that she had made in the picture.

"So Big"

ON the other hand, Edna Ferber's fine novel, "So Big," has been mutilated beyond all recognition. Even if it was, to begin with, poor movie material (a fact which is not to Miss Ferber's discredit), it has been turned into worse movie material. Except for a few early scenes, whatever of inspiration or flaming sincerity existed in the book has been quite obliterated at the unskilled hands of ignorant adapters.

Colleen Moore is excellent as the young *Selina Peake*, but the later developments of the story are too much for her. If there is anything worthy in "So Big," Miss Moore is personally responsible for it. Certainly Edna Ferber has no share in the limited credit or the extensive blame, as this is not even remotely her work.

Those who read the novel will be violently irritated by this picture. Those who did not read the novel will merely be bored.

R. E. Sherwood.



Extracts from Famous Baby Books

BABY CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN

Born April 16, 1889

MAY 1, 1889—Baby cried until he was given a custard pie to play with.

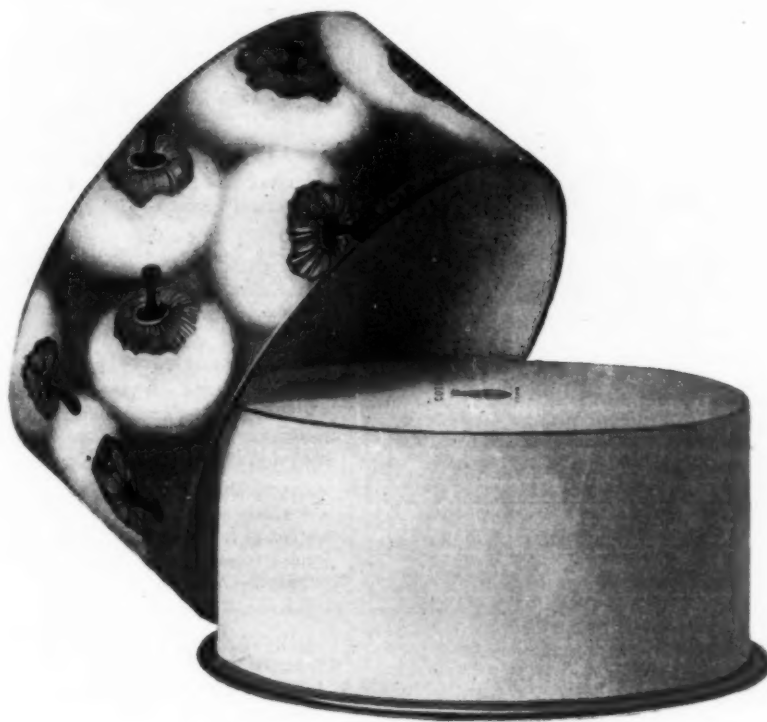
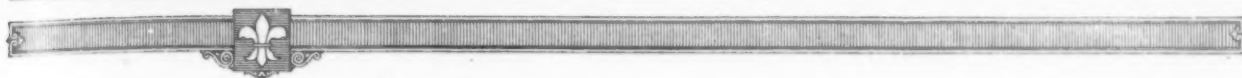
JULY 8, 1889—To-day Baby winked and nurse laughed herself into hysterics.

APRIL 16, 1890—Baby's first birthday. Threw all his new dolls into a tub of mortar.

JUNE 21, 1890—Baby walked to-day, using a lead pencil for a cane.

JANUARY 3, 1891—Baby spoke for the first time. Gave directions to the photographer taking his tintype.

M. A. T.



LES POUDRES DE COTY

*Tho' a rose by any other name may
smell as sweet, beauty, with any
other shade of powder but the correct
one does not gleam so brightly. COTY
Face Powders, in nine shades — the
larger boxes for the dressing table, the
Compacte for the purse — bring to each
type the one true tone for its own colouring.*



PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU
*For guidance in choosing the correct
Face Powder shade and expressive
perfume odour to intensify individuality*

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

A NEW COTY SHADE FOR BRUNETTES — 'OCRE-ROSE'





A Honeymoon Dialogue

HE: Perhaps I was a little cruel.

SHE: Yes, you were!

HE (*surprised*): I wasn't! (*Pause*.)

Well, look here, I'll say I was cruel if you'll say I wasn't.

SHE: Very well, peach blossom, you weren't.

HE: Then I'm sorry if I was.

—*London Daily Express*.

Sophisticated

FATHER (*raging*): I'd like to know where a son of mine learned to gamble, to use such terrible language, to drink, and to get in so much trouble! Tell me!

SON: From my sister.

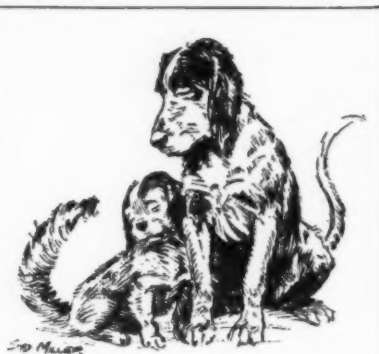
—*Cornell Widow*.

Know Her?

"What sort of woman is she?"

"Has to break in a new set of friends every year."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

CORRECT this sentence: Marriage is a gambol.—*American Legion Weekly*.



"YOU WOULDN'T MARRY ME JUST FOR BONES, WOULD YOU, DEAR?"
"NO, DEAR—NOT FOR ALL THE BONES IN THE WORLD."
—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

"The wife and I had it out to-day."

"How out?"

"Loud!"—*Kansas City Star*.

Good Morning

Miss Margaret, age three, was up and dressed early on a recent morning and before breakfast made a call on her grandmother, who lives nearby on the same street.

"Hello, Grandma," she said. "I've got on my long underwear and we're going to have fried mush for breakfast. What do you know?"—*Indianapolis News*.

Inherited Weakness

MISTRESS: So the doctor diagnosed "housemaid's knee"—have you had it before?

MAID: No, mam. But the doctor says it's prob'ly hereditary, me father being a pavement hartist and me mother a religious maniac!—*London Opinion*.

CHEERY SOUL (*to friend*): Lawks, my dear, wot a turn you give me! I fought you was dead—strite, I did. I've 'eard several people speakin' well of yer lately.—*Punch*.

A GREEK shield recently discovered is said to have an eccentric band round a peculiar central boss. It sounds like an orchestra.—*London Daily News*.

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Madison Avenue at 47th Street NEW YORK



Maillard

Confections

Imported Bonbonnières
Luncheon — Tea

Michigan at Jackson CHICAGO

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

nought has been written since "Tom Jones"....To the playhouse after dinner to see "The Student Prince," a stirring musick version of "Old Heidelberg," which moved me to such an abundance of tears that Sam was shamed and whispered, Pull yourself together, else I shall not risk taking you to Ed Wynn's show.

January 16th Up betimes, listening to a long harangue from my husband for having accepted the invitation of a woman I met at bridge whose position he deems questionable, whereupon I did remind him of my own integrity and Horace's ode about the upright man upon whom even a wolf turned tail. That may go for the Sabine forest, retorted Sam, but a morganatic establishment is something quite different. So I did promise not to go, sensing a good opportunity for mentioning my need of a new evening cloak....Reading this day in "The Ladies!" by E. Barrington, a fine book of eighteenth century gossip given me for Christmas by Tella Brown, I was astonished in the chapter devoted to an imaginary diary which Mrs. Samuel Pepys might have kept at the poor wretch's difficulty in getting a new petticoat or anything for herself soever, because of Pepys's enthusiasm in laying out money for his own apparel. I do rejoice that my Sam is not thus niggardly with me, and as for his own vanity, Lord! if I did not conspire with his tailor he would go about looking like a man out of employment.

January 17th Marie Doro come to luncheon, and Sam home, too, a-twit'ing me for bawling at "The Student Prince," but Marie spoke up and said she had wept so steadily through it herself that Alexander Woollcott, sitting a few seats away, had tossed her his pocket handkerchief. Whilst we were still at table, a messenger arrived with a small package from Tiffany's, which I did open,

all a-flutter, but it contained nought but a china pig bank with a ten-cent piece deposit, sent, methinks, by C. Dodds to match me for having given him one golf stocking for Christmas.
Baird Leonard.



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For a Bright Child

If in the parlor you should play
When Mother's told you out to stay,
And you should break a pretty vase,
Or knock a statue from its base
So it lies smashed upon the floor,
Keep calm and don't set up a roar.

Just run downstairs the cat to get;
If there are two, it's better yet.
Then shut them in the parlor, and
Go right upstairs, you understand,
And read a book or play a game.
The silly cats will get the blame.

G. K. D.

THE three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Boston will be celebrated in a few years. This, we think, would be a fitting occasion to take up the question of admitting Boston to the Union.

Prefers these cigarettes to ones priced higher

FROM Stroudsburg, Pa.:
"In my estimation, Reedsdale Cigarettes are not equalled at the price, and I prefer them to some priced higher. The container is a dandy."

(Original letter in our file)

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for twenty! They are put up in a new and specially designed package that keeps them fresh, unbroken, and uncrushed to the last one.



If not at your dealer's, a carton of 5 packages (100 cigarettes) sent for a dollar.

Smoke one package. If not satisfied return remaining packages and get your money back.

Reed Tobacco Co., 131 So. 21st St., Richmond, Va.

Inside Stuff

The lion and the lamb had just lain down together.

"As for me," remarked the lion, "I should like to be called at 7:30 in the morning."

Said the lamb: "Don't bother to call me; I'll probably get up when the lion does."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Young Ulysses

HE: I wish I had enough money to marry on.

SHE (shyly): What would you do?

HE (quickly): Travel.

—*London Evening News.*



THE BOUNDER WHO SAID "ATTA-BOY!" WHEN THE GENERAL HOLED OUT.

—*Bateman, in The Bystander (London).*

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Reflection in an Art Gallery

Even the dreariest "work of art,"

Thrice-damned as it may seem,

Was once, in its creator's heart,

A beautiful young dream.

For each man maims the thing he loves

In well-intended toils;

Some butcher it in pen and ink,

In marble some, or oils.

—*Keith Preston, in Chicago News.*

Trials of an Editor

Typographical errors and mistakes often seem extraordinarily funny to the great reading public, but in the office where they occur they seem more like tragedies. We recall that this old palladium of liberty, in an elaborate report of a Jewish wedding, once said that the happy pair were followed closely down the aisle by the officiating rabbit. That seemed very funny to the light-minded, but it did not seem funny to us, especially when the bride's father came to see us about it.—*Ohio State Journal.*

At Any College

Homecoming Day is the time when alumni come back to the old Alma Mater, criticize the furniture, freshmen and architecture of the house, reorganize the football team, weep mildly at the ivy, declare things weren't that way when they were in college, and express great wonder as to where the younger generation is going. Then it rains.

—*Colorado Dodo.*

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Absolution

As the rector was leaving a temperance meeting, he encountered one of his flock considerably the worse for drink.

"Oh, William!" he exclaimed. "I'm surprised to find you in this state. I'm sorry! I'm sorry—very sorry!"

"Well," muttered the man, "if you're really sorry, I—I forgive you."

—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

The Eternal Masculine

"George, is there anything in life but love?"

"Nothing in all the wide, wide world—where's dinner?"

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

A MEXICAN, age eighty-seven, has been dynamiting trains. He is probably too old to catch them in the ordinary way.

—*London Daily News.*

PROBABLY nothing gets so complete a work-out in this life as a small school-girl's first fountain pen.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Watch your gums—
bleeding a sign of trouble



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DENTAL PROFESSION

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FOR
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As sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

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Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

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The Crossword Puzzle Hits London

There is little satisfaction to be derived from thinking of a word of two letters meaning "depart" and beginning in G and ending in O, or a word of five letters which means the same thing as H₂O. A drug, yes; but not an exercise of the intellect; not a test of erudition or memory; not a coping with the wits of an ingenious and obstinate opponent capable of the basest stratagems, the most monstrous syntax and the most dishonest tricks. But I begin to grow heated.

—*J. C. Squire, in The Observer.*

When to Get It

"Don't ask advice," said Uncle Eben, "unless you has made up yoh mind and feels free to enjoy a little conversation."

—*Washington Star.*

OUR notion of a Miracle Man is the Welsh crossword puzzle champion.

—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

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Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co., Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

Mouthful

"WELL, here's where I have a light lunch!" chuckled the circus fire-eater, as he swallowed the flaming torch.



Is your husband too stout?

Has he taken on unnecessary weight? Do your friends make remarks about it—not intending to hurt your feelings, of course, but embarrassing you nevertheless?

Thousands of men and women have found excess weight easy to remove. Why let your husband suffer from it? Marmola Tablets—without exercises or diets—will bring back his natural healthy figure.

Recommend these tablets to him. Get a box for him. Once he uses them he will always be thankful that you urged him to get slender. It is your duty to see that he keeps slender like other successful men.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

The Decline of the Harem

"You sayin' you heard tell Ephra'm Sibley was to be married up to the City and my remarkin' it looked queer, as Parson Brownell usually marries him, 'minds me Doc Brady had 'em all laughin' up to Judge Larcom's the other evenin' tellin' 'em 'bout the time Ephra'm was a-courtin' that widow of Gershon Dwinell's over to Pillsbury Centre. I never know'd the woman, only to see 'er, but I heard tell she was awful smart, and a great hand for readin', and they do say she was President one spell of that club the ladies git up over to the Centre, an' Doc says Mis' Titcomb was a-tellin' 'im that she delivered a fust-rate essay before the ladies, on the Decline of the Harem, or some sich title.

"Well, it seems Ephra'm had been a-courtin' of the widow quite a spell and Doc 'lowed she was real sweet on 'im, they do say he's a great hand with the women folks, an' they know he's got a pile of money even if he is so darned close with it. Well, it seems Ephra'm give her an invite to come over an' see his home, so she druv' over one afternoon. Doc says she had a real spry little mare. An' Doc says he had it from one of the ladies over to the Centre, who was some kin of Dwinell's, that Ephra'm showed the widow all over the house an' when he come to the kitchen he says, 'I reckon this here'll interest you more 'n any other part as this is where you'll spend most of your time.'

"Well, Doc says the widow give Ephra'm just one look an' walked right out into the yard an' out the front gate. Doc says he was just comin' out of Mis' Smilie's when he seen 'er git into the buggy. Doc says he couldn't rightly hear what she said to the mare, but he reckoned it wa'n't any too complimentary to Ephra'm, an' she made a bee line for the Centre.

"Doc says that was the last Ephra'm ever seen of the Widow Dwinell, an' he reckoned she could get up a fust-rate essay for the ladies' club over to the Centre on the 'Decline of the Kitchen.'"
Beatrice Herford.

The Louvain Library Fund

WITH thanks for past favors, LIFE resumes its appeal for the Louvain Library Fund. Our national honor really is involved, that America's promise may be made good and the restored Library be the gift to the Belgians of the American people.

We have been enabled to send in \$614, and have set \$1,000 as our goal, and trust we can count upon friends and readers to that extent for this noble cause.

Checks, payable to LIFE, marked "For Louvain Library Fund," will be acknowledged in LIFE and duly forwarded.

Pleased To Meet You!

My friend Barbasol. Takes all the trouble out of shaving. No brush. No rub-in. A new, clean, cool after-shave feeling all over your face. Use Barbasol—3 times—according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.



For Modern Shaving

LIFE'S Encyclopædia

Tarpon—A marine isospondylous fish common to the waters, but not the fishermen, of Florida. Sometimes called the Great Southern Hoax. Usually seen mounted on slab in offices of the upper, or Tarpon fishing, classes. Average cost of capture, including hotel bills, \$1,468.12 a pound.



STONE WALL JACK'S ON



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

No Waste

CROSSWORDS continue to be featured in the daily papers. Railroad trains are beginning to carry dictionaries, the Los Angeles Public Library has set a time limit of five minutes on the use of its dictionary by any one person, and Professor Griffith of Mt. Holyoke College has declared that the students should be asked to make up crosswords at the end of each semester, using the new words they have learned during the year. The Freshman Class will begin with "Petting," "4:00 A. M.," "hooch," "cubs," "paddle," "Smooth this," "Step on it," "Give me a light," and "necking party."

THERE'S always room for a good man except in the sock his young wife mended for him.

Natural History

THE Whang is a bird with a crest of red

That waggles its wings and flies,
Its beak to the rear and its tail ahead,
To keep the sand out of its eyes.

The Boggle backs into his hole at night
Because he has wisely found
That when he comes out in the morning light
He needn't be turning around.

When all of our rivers shall dry or freeze
And all of our oceans, too,
The Porgies and Flounders will climb the trees

The way that the Elephants do.

A. G.

HERE to-day and there to-morrow—
Milady's waist.

Legato

I DON'T know whether or not it's because I happen to be what the clothing ads call a dressy fellow, but the fact remains that I hate frayed garters. In the old days, every now and then when I'd be dressing in the morning I'd find my garters soggy and springless and looking as if they were edged with monkey fur. "Ah," I'd say to myself, as I fitted the decaying remnants to my shapely calves, "I must get a new pair to-day."

But would I, when later in the morning I found myself in themoil and turmoil of the wall-paper business? No, sir. I'd promptly forget all about garters, until late that night, on retiring, their fuzzy condition would again make me blush. I tried tying pieces of blue thread or yellow raffia around several of the more jutting parts of my anatomy to remind me to buy new garters; but with no results. I could never recall what a piece of tulle or rope was doing on my left thumb until bed-time came, and then, of course, it was too late. But now, fellow garter-wearers, my thralldom is all over. And so is yours. I have discovered how a busy man can remember when to buy new garters.

Likq many other great discoveries, it seems perfectly simple when you once know it. I just don't know how I came to think of it, but some power greater than I must have been at work last Monday morning when the Great Idea came to me. And here it is. When the time arrives for you to need new garters, *don't put the old ones on that day*. You will soon find your socks hugging your shoes in a manner not to be denied, and after you have pulled them up for the tenth time you will be glad to dash into the nearest shop and buy a new pair of leg-constrictors. Not a word, please. Don't thank me; any one would have done the same in my place. (It has just occurred to me that in order to play safe you had better have some one remind you the day you wish to leave them off.) P. W.

Beauty

"PLEASURE is the most beautiful thing in the world," said the hedonist.

"You are wrong," said the hypochondriac. "Sorrow is the most beautiful."

"The most beautiful of all," said the humanitarian, "is life itself."

Yet that very afternoon each had sworn to a woman that she was the most beautiful thing in the world.

"So you've broken your resolution already?"

"I guess it wasn't a resolution. It must have been just an amendment."

Students' Edition of the Classics

*Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And cried, "What a
bright boy am I!"*

Line 1—"Little"—The use of this word is quite general in contemporary literature, and, as pointed out in other volumes of this series, cf. "Little Miss Muffett," "Little Bo Peep," etc., it is not to be taken too literally. It is possible that the author uses "little" here with merely casual intent, as "big" would decidedly spoil the meter.

"Jack"—The first two Quartos give this as "John." It was probably changed to the present reading as the public became more familiar with the literature of the time, and took a few liberties with it.

Line 2—"Sat"—In some editions this is given as "stood," the editors drawing an analogy between this line and the common injunction to children to "stand in the corner." However, had John Horner been enjoined to remain in the corner as a form of punishment, he would most certainly not have been furnished with a Christmas pie.

Line 3—"Christmas pie"—This is an expression which is rapidly becoming obsolete. Its most frequent use now is in the slightly changed form, "Christmas pie-eyed."

Line 4—"Thumb"—The assumption here is that John actually used the forefinger in addition to the thumb, although the author fails to give proper credit to that digit for the assistance which it rendered.

Line 5—"Plum"—Squibb says (1901) that he has definitely established the fact that the fruit in question "was not a plum but a raisin." He bases his conclusion upon the premise that Old Man Horner, John's paternal relative, had been making home-brew, and proves that the chances are ten to one that a raisin and not a plum had found its way into the Christmas pie.

Line 6—"Cried"—Not to be confused with the common meaning implying tears, or anguish of some sort. Here the sense is merely "exclaimed."

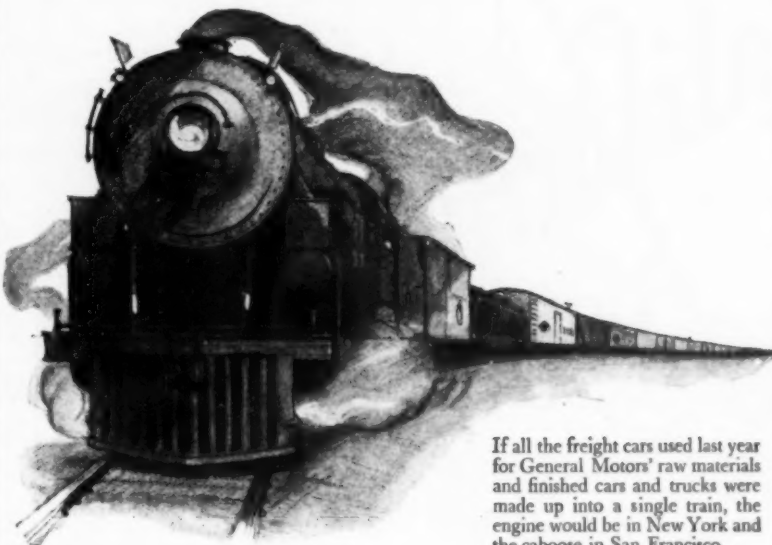
"What a bright boy am I!"—Not an original expression. John's father was a self-made man, *ego sapiens*, and the child probably picked up the phrase about the house.

W. K. Z.

Truth in Advertising

A NEW YORK café proprietor was arrested for displaying the sign: "Ales, Wines, Liquors & Cigars." They probably thought he was faking about having the cigars.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



If all the freight cars used last year for General Motors' raw materials and finished cars and trucks were made up into a single train, the engine would be in New York and the caboose in San Francisco.

375,000 freight cars

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INTERNATIONAL MERCHANT MARINE COMPANY

Specialization

VERY MUCH WORRIED MAN (*running into office of throat specialist*): Doctor! Doctor! Come quickly! My little girl has swallowed a button.

SPECIALIST: What kind of button?

VERY MUCH WORRIED MAN: Celluloid. It came from—

SPECIALIST (*holding up hand*): You'll have to go to Dr. Wilkinson if it's celluloid; I remove only metal ones with an embossed design.

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111 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C. Dept. 19 A

Send full particulars and easy payment plan.

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Address _____

My Kiwanis Jane

(Up to a Late Hour Last Night, Believed to Have Been Written in Smithville)

WHERE full-o'-pep Kiwanis meets,
I met my darling Jane:
Beside the Booster Chart, whose feats
Made dry statistics plain—
Whose leaping curve, with ev'ry swerve,
Was Pep articulate:
As Smithville soared in ranking toward
The 14th in the State.

Enrapt she stood, where all around
Enhanced her beauty's glamour:
Her voice more sweet with ev'ry sound;
Her form, with ev'ry clamor;
Her soul, Kiwanis-like, alive
With vim inviolate—
As one and all cheered Smithville's drive
For 14th in the State.

Ah, always, Jane, you'll be to me
As when I saw you first:
Your features wreathed in ecstasy,
As in the room there burst
A lad to say he'd heard, *in re*
Our follow-up campaign:
We'd got the plants of Levy—"Pants"—
A clear 9,000 gain!

Though youth and beauty fade, until
But wint'ry Age's rigor
Enshrouds your form, and in its chill
Expire pep and vigor;
Yet always will my soul revere
Its true and cherished mate—
Because you helped make Smithville,
dear,
The 14th in the State! G. R.

Jonesville Goes into Conference

"I WANTED to get the 11:04 on the Nickel Plate but I've got to wait over till the 2:08 on the Monon," said the gray-haired traveling salesman to the head barber in the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville. "The proprietor of the New Bon Marché was in three conferences this morning and he has two more this afternoon, but he sent out word he would see me for seven minutes at half-past one.

"When I started making Jonesville thirty years ago the only place you ever heard the word 'conference' was in a spelling match. That was before our business men had been consecrated to the law of service. This hotel was merely the Smith House and business men's lunch clubs and Thousand Island dressing hadn't been invented.

"The old-timers I called on then didn't look on storekeeping as an art and didn't think they had a Message. All they knew was buying low and selling high and discounting their bills. But you seldom saw one of them in conference with the sheriff."

McC. H.

The Five in Golf

THERE is a just limit to everything. In the game of golf it is five. Something about a five in the square of a scorecard is irresistibly, indescribably, foolishly pleasing. It tells so much. It can mean so many different things. Of course, twos, threes, and fours have their places. Who will deny that? They are the glories in life; the unexpected and undeserved triumphs: We are glad they exist and hope to get a few to-morrow on our morning round. But they, in their small way, indicate merely superlative golf, whereas the five (O blessed number!) may signify a long hole outrageously well done, a less long hole not badly done, a short hole—well, accomplished with difficulty, but still with honor. Sixes and sevens—we shall not venture higher—are the demi-monde of golf. We rub shoulders with them, but we are ashamed. We meet them, but we dislike it. Show me the man, though, who is honestly chagrined at recording a drive, an iron, a mashie, and two putts, or whatever makes the equivalent, and I will show you one who sees the fairway through smoked glasses and who never replaces a divot.... "What did you make there, Bill?" "It's a five," Bill says, and the bunkers look a little smaller, and the flags a little nearer, and the day grows a bit sunnier, and he is exquisitely content.

D. McC.



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

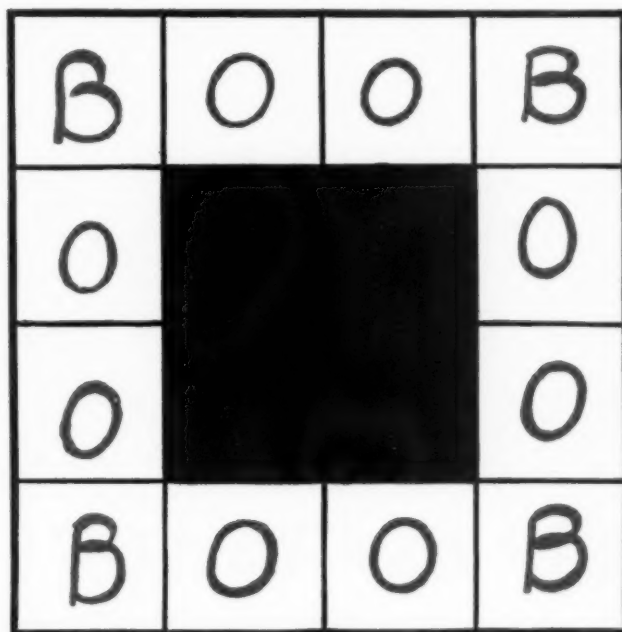
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON



It's BOOB Any Way You Look At It

IT is estimated that there are one hundred and ten million boobs in the United States alone. Every one of them should read next week's issue—

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The cover is by John Held, Jr.—with inside contributions from Rube Goldberg, Percy Crosby, Dorothy Parker, Rea Irvin, Robert Benchley and many others.

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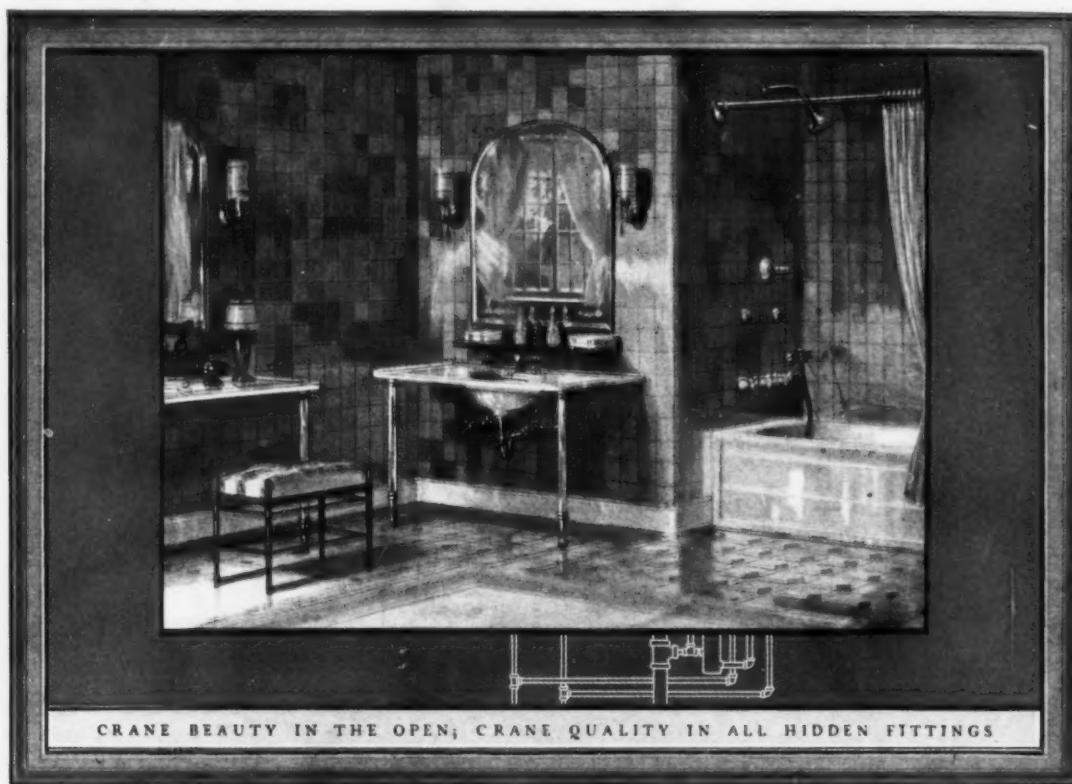


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